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Memorial Speech
August 2003
(950 words)

In Memory of Doug Green

(Doug Green's memorial in Casadero, CA in August 2003)

I may be Doug's oldest friend, because we met in 1959 when we worked as students for IBM in south San Jose. We were only 19 years old. So I want to share my memories and tell you how he affected my life.

Doug grew up in Bandon, Oregon where he was the top student in his high school. Doug's father Raleigh ran the local motion picture theater and apparently had enough money to send Doug to Stanford. However Doug had a young girlfriend named Diane back in Bandon who became pregnant over Christmas vacation of his first year. Doug got married, dropped out of school and started working for IBM to support his wife. I knew Doug when his twins Shane and Shawn were born in August of 1959.

I watched Doug cope with his new responsibilities, and I learned what to do after I got my girlfriend pregnant several years later. Luckily I was just about to graduate so I didn't have to drop out of school.

I was a co-op student from San Jose State when I met Doug and based on his influence I transferred to Stanford. I had trouble from the start, and I leaned on Doug because he still lived near the

university. For example Western Civilization required a huge amount of reading, and Doug introduced me to class notes that could be purchased at Kepler's bookstore. I also had trouble expressing my feelings when I wrote, and Doug let me read his Freshman English journal.

I can still hear Doug's words of advice with regard to education. "I would rather be a participant than a spectator any day. All you do in school is read about the past. I want to live my life to the fullest."

I learned a lot from Doug, but more than that I had a good friend. I was very stressed and afraid, and Doug exuded confidence.

I never thought of Doug as being stressed. But looking back his behavior betrayed him. He smoked constantly and his hair was turning white. Doug went to school at San Jose State while he worked at IBM. He graduated in physics with the highest grade point average ever achieved for this major. Doug was smart, and he went to Stanford to get a PhD in physics.

I did go to Doug's graduation from San Jose State but by this time I seldom saw him. I was busy working on a PhD and was married with two kids. I lost touch with Doug.

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Twenty years later, in the summer of 1982, I traveled down the Oregon coast through Bandon. I had been divorced for six years and was vacationing with a girlfriend. My girlfriend and I were fighting by this point in the trip, so I decided on the spur of the moment to look up my old friend Doug.

There was no theater in Bandon any more, so I started asking around, and I found an older waitress in a coffee shop that had known

Doug's father. She told me that he had died many years ago, but that Doug's mother was still alive and that she lived in Brookings. I camped that night in the state park at Brookings.

I found Doug's mother's phone number in the phone book and called her from a pay phone. She thought that I was a police investigator looking for Doug because Doug had apparently done something wrong, and she wouldn't tell me what had happened.

I finally convinced her that I was an old friend by telling her about the house she and her husband had bought Doug in San Jose when Doug was going to school and working for IBM. They wanted Doug to make a career at IBM. Doug abandoned the house and quit IBM in retaliation and moved to Stanford when he started his PhD studies. He didn't want his parents telling him how to live his life.

Doug's mom laughed and said, "I guess no investigator is going to know that story. Raleigh and I were pretty angry with Doug for doing that."

I obtained Doug's phone number and made arrangements to visit him in this beautiful location the very next weekend.

Many of you know the story of this community and how Doug came to live here. I was puzzled so the first question I asked Doug was about how he got this property.

In short, Doug told me that he and several friends from EST had obtained student loan money to buy a large ranch between Casadero and Fort Ross. They subdivided the ranch into 50-acre parcels, moved in, and dropped out of sight.

Doug told me that initially he and his colleagues made their living growing mushrooms and pot until the National Guard invaded and

shut everyone down. I'm not completely clear on how Doug escaped punishment, but it had something to do with a good lawyer and a large bag of mushrooms.

Doug and I picked up where we left off 20 years before and Doug shared his story and what interested him now. Among other things, he introduced me to the Tarot. Well more than the Tarot, the tree of life and the Kabalistic description of consciousness in relationship to physical reality. I have been interested in human consciousness ever since.

Sydney did my first Tarot reading, and I remember the message of love to this day. I took notes, and it became clear that a Tarot reading is a psychiatric tool that facilitates communication between the conscious and subconscious mind.

Doug was a great influence in my life, and his passing has made me feel like a part of me has died.

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